ABOUT Plays and Players By BIDE DUDLEY

RITZI SCHEFF is to star in musical comedy again. George Anderson, the w. k, husband the prima donna, announces that on Nov. 27 he -ill present her for public approval in "Husbands Also, that he will be in the cast, "Husbands Guaranteed" has been adapted from a Vienness semi-musical show of the lighter variety, by Joseph Herbert. Abroad the production had but four numbers. On this side of the Atlantic it will have eighteen, the adfitional songe having been composed

ritional songs having been composed by August Kleinecke. So much for that end of the Scheff news!

Now, it may be stated that Miss Scheff "walked out on" the Palace management yesterday afternoon at exactly 12:10 o'clock, and as a result not a Scheff warble will be heard at that playhouse this week—or any other week, asserts said management. The singer objected, because her name in the theatre's billing was not in larger type than those of Rock and White and Chic Sale. A sign in the theatre's lobby explained things. Mr. Anderson says his wife was justified in her action, since a clause in her contract specifically states that she must be "sole and exclusive head-liner" at the Palace.

Miss Scheff says she is through with vaudeville for the present. That is also what the U. B. O. people say.

EMMA DUNN HERE OCT. 30. Les Kugel has arranged to present Emma Dunn, in Rachel Crother's coriedy, "Old Lady 31," at the Thirtyninth Street Theatre on Oct. 30. The play is a dramatization of a novel of the same name by the late Louise Forsslund. This will be Miss Dunn's first stellar role. Reports from other cities where the play has been seen are decidedly compilmentary. An excellent cast will support Miss Dunn.

ARE WE PROUD? WELL, SAY! Though, as everybody knows, we're distressingly modest, we're going to control our shrinking violet impuisses just this once and print a nice rhyme P. J. L. has written about us. Here's

F. J. I. has written about us. Here's the rhyme:

Dear Abijah, my boy, if I have your name right, "By Way of Diversion" was missing last night. What happened, old top? Did you run out of rhyme? Don't do it again. We'll excuse you this time. Why that's what I look for each night after tea, and my kid—he's just ten—is as anxious as me. Old Silas McGuggin, in Peewrepie's store's, a corker, but so is the rest of your lore. You'll pardon my being familiar, I hope, but honest to goodness, you've got the right dope. Keep at it, my boy, for it's really good stuff. I could read it forever. I can't get enough. But mix on bouquets, or you'll say with a smile, "That fellow's got Ellabelle beaten a mile."

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

Said Sites McGuggin, in Preceeple's store: "Thanksgiving is coming and listen, I've swore to keep off of cranberries, pies and the stuff that brings indigestion and makes you feel tough. I'll eat just some beans and an egg on that day. No fancy cooked foods not a one! They don't pay. The women can have 'em, but I've got some sense. A man who'll eat pie is a fool and he's dense." "Why, Silas!" said Grandpa McGes, breaking in, "I recken I've got to correct you agin. Twus only last mouth that you won the first prize out at the church picule for eatin' twelve pies. You et 'em so rapid you had me smazed, Says I: 'On mince pie Si McGurstin was raised.' You shore was smared, Says I: 'On mince pie Si Mc
Gurein wus raised.' You shore was
a pie-face—a glutton, indeed. I
never seen human exhibit such
greed." 'Ahem!' came from Silas.
"McGee, you're a fool. You talk like
a lop-sided chump, as a rule. If I
was you, Grandpa, I'd go to Doc.
Litt and see if my brain wasn't missing a bit." At that Silas left with a
second on his face. Said Grandpa.
"This looks like an out and out case
of talkin' too much." Then he
laughed till he cried. "I wonder,"
said Jed, "if Si has that egg fried!"

Luck and Watson—Don't know
where Sophie Tucker is. Ask John
Pollock, Orpheum Circuit offices.
Cannot locate Beile Daube.

William Collier was asked last night
by a magazine writer what he'd do
if he had only twenty-four hours to
live. The comedian said he'd kill a
few persons who ask him fool questions.

Next Thursday afternoon the Dolly
sisters are to teach women patrons
of the Montauk, Brooklyn, how to
dance. Dave Altman, bill poster, will

FOOLISHMENT.

and Jed, "if Si has that egg fried!"

GOSSIP.

"The Show of Wonders" will open at the Winter Garden a week from Thursday.

William Seymour, formerly with Charles Frohman, is now general stage director of the Punch and Judy Theatre for Charles Hopkins.

Cosmo Hamilton has written a musical comedy for the Messrs. Shubert and is dramatising "The Sins of the Children."

Anna Paylowa introduced.

"'S'MATTER, POP?"

It's Plain to Be Seen That Pop Is Strongly for Peace!









HENRY HASENPFEFFER

As a Choice Between Two Evils He Prefers Shivering to Fighting!

By Bud Counihan



FLOOEY AND AXEL

Again We Say Axel Isn't Half as Simple as He Looks!

By Vic









hert and is dramatizing "The Sins of the Children."

Anna Pavlowa introduced a new number called the Pavlowa Polka in Building.

Gates—Frank Wilstach may be able to advise you about that Sothern walts. Address him Shubert Theatre Building.

FOOLISHMENT. Mary had a little goat.
It had whiskers on its throat;
Once it butted Mary's beau.
He got mad and quit her so—
There's a moral here, you'll note,
No sweet girl should own a goat,
if you have one, May or Nan,
Bell him to the butter man.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE. "Binks, the baseball player, was go-ing to Europe, but he failed to catch the ship."
"Made an error, eh?"
"How's that?"
"Missed a liner."

RUSH HOUR JONES 1 媛 By Frueh



BONEHEAD BILL

By Jack Callahan







Forcing the Pace.

EORGE GORDON, an old man of miserly habits, was dying. By the time the lawyer arrived the old man was rapidly sinking, but th will was smartly drawn up and duly awaited his signature. He was prop-ped up in bed, and managed to write, "George Gor," then he fell back ex-hausted

An eager relative who stood by seized the pen and stuck it in the dying man's hand.
"Oh, Georgie, 'd.'" he urged, referring to the next letter of the signa-

The old man glanced up wrathfully.
"Dee!" he exclaimed. "I'll dee when I'm ready, ye avaricious wretch!"—St. Louis Post.

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